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when they got home. He had died suddenly, leaving his affairs in a very complicated state. They could pay no money now, but they had very little doubt that ultimately all would be right. The writer concluded by saying, that if an advance of five pounds was of any use, he would be happy to place it at their disposal. This was an awful blow. Mrs. Robinson knew too well the result of complicated affairs, not to dread the worst. The five pounds was looked upon, therefore, as a last resource, and was to be husbanded accordingly. The rent was paid, and the rest was put by, to be drawn forth as occasion required. Julia turned with firm energy to the piano. It was resolved to continue their visits to Madame Sellier's, as she appeared a kindly woman, and might find the young pianist some pupils. Accordingly, for several Thursdays they renewed their visits, and M. Rousset his attentions. He devoted himself almost wholly to Julia, who found, in the mean time, one or two pupils among the English in Paris.

About the end of a month after the news had arrived of the death of Mr. Pelham, they received a card of adieu from M. Rousset, a formal *p. p. c.*; and the following Thursday they found he had gone to Italy, Madame Sellier said, in the most unexpected manner. Julia said nothing, but she felt a little low-spirited. She had, in five evenings, got to like the intelligent and intellectual conversation of the young man; and there was no one to replace him. She took care, too, now to volunteer always for the piano, and as this pleased most of the young ladies present, she met with little opposition. Madame Sellier had found her one pupil, and out of gratitude Julia continued to go to her parties; but they were no longer so pleasant as they were at first—she took no French lessons now. Altogether, there was something wanting.

Still no money, and a month's rent is due. The *conciierge*, a dry, thin, hard-featured man, made little by such quiet, genteel lodgers, who gave no trouble, and was, accordingly, not

over polite in his manner. He gruffly, at the end of the week, insisted upon the rent being forthcoming, under penalty of expulsion. "The *propriétaire*," he said, "never allowed any debts in the house. It was "pay" or "go," leaving behind all they had to pay as much of the rent due as possible." Mrs. Robinson coolly informed the man that he should be paid that day, and showed him the door.

"But, mamma, how are you going to pay?"

"I must sell my bracelets, the last of my husband's presents, my dear girl."

"But must it be?"

"I could borrow money on them, as we learnt to do unfortunately in England."

"Do not sell them, mamma," cried Julia, earnestly; "better days may come."

"Amen! may your words prove true."

The money was raised, and the rent was paid for that month. But no news came from England, and they had to exist on the remnant of what they had raised, and from the poor pittance paid for music lessons. Mrs. Robinson at last, after another month of suffering, fell ill. Now was the character of Julia manifested in all its force. She nursed her mother, she did all the little household duties, she gave her lessons, she called round on Madame Sellier, and other persons to whom she had letters of introduction, in search of fresh pupils; in a word, she did all that was in the power of a young person of her age to do. Medicine was necessary, and medical advice; but the sacrifice imposed to procure this was terrible indeed. Julia, unknown to her mother, all but starved three days, after giving a fee to a doctor, and buying the medicine ordered. At the end of that time, some money came in from one of her pupils, and her mother being better, Julia prepared a nice but humble dinner, of which Mrs. Robinson partook.

ANCIENT CASTLES IN IRELAND.—BLARNEY CASTLE, ETC.

"The antiquities of Ireland," says the well-known author of "Cork and the South of Ireland," "afford a rich and extensive field for research. Her isolation and sequestered position, her freedom from Roman conquest and subjugation, in the period of Rome's highest power, has left to the character of her Celtic archæology features peculiarly her own; whilst the acquaintance of her early pagan population with letters, and the large amount of extant literature which has descended to us, capable of throwing so much light on the condition of her ancient races, have invested the whole subject with an importance and interest surpassing that of the antiquities of any other western nation in Europe.

"This broad and inviting field of research has been hitherto but imperfectly and partially wrought, seldom indeed by the scientific inquirer, and but too often only by incompetent or prejudiced labourers. There has been abundance of wild and indiscriminating enthusiasm at one side; and again, on the contrary, an over-sceptical theorising rationalism, embarrassing and obstructing its useful culture. What effect the vicinity of Roman civilisation produced on the arts and social condition of this country we have no present evidence to determine. The vast variety of implements, utensils, and objects of art disinterred from time to time, and the numerous monuments which still subsist, afford no means to inform us as to the extent or nature of such influence, if any. The character of Irish remains, indeed, is more impressed with an Oriental than a Greek or Roman origin, and tends to sustain the eastern descent claimed by the Irish senachies (or clans) for their ancestry. Some few Roman coins alone, sparingly discovered, tell of a limited Roman intercourse. In like manner the actual presence of the northmen on the Irish soil seems to have been nearly as ineffective. Occupying, for above two centuries, a considerable portion of the island, and especially of its maritime cities, it is strange that they have left hardly any traces or vestiges behind them. Beyond a solitary tower

in Waterford, and a few silver coins, the Irish antiquary cannot really point to a single memorial (save the record of their devastations) on the page of its history. Whilst in England and Scotland, and even in the Isle of Man, the sculptured cross and the Runic inscription still remain to identify their sway, in Ireland neither the one nor the other throughout the whole breadth and length of the land can be found.

"Ireland, then, has no remains of Roman magnificence to exhibit, no vast temples, amphitheatres, or aqueducts; nor does she possess any of those antiquities which the northern archæologist could identify as of Scandinavian origin; but she has, on the other hand, many relics of early Phœnician intercourse—vestiges of a religion, an architecture, a language, and a literature, claiming derivation and affinity with the remote East.

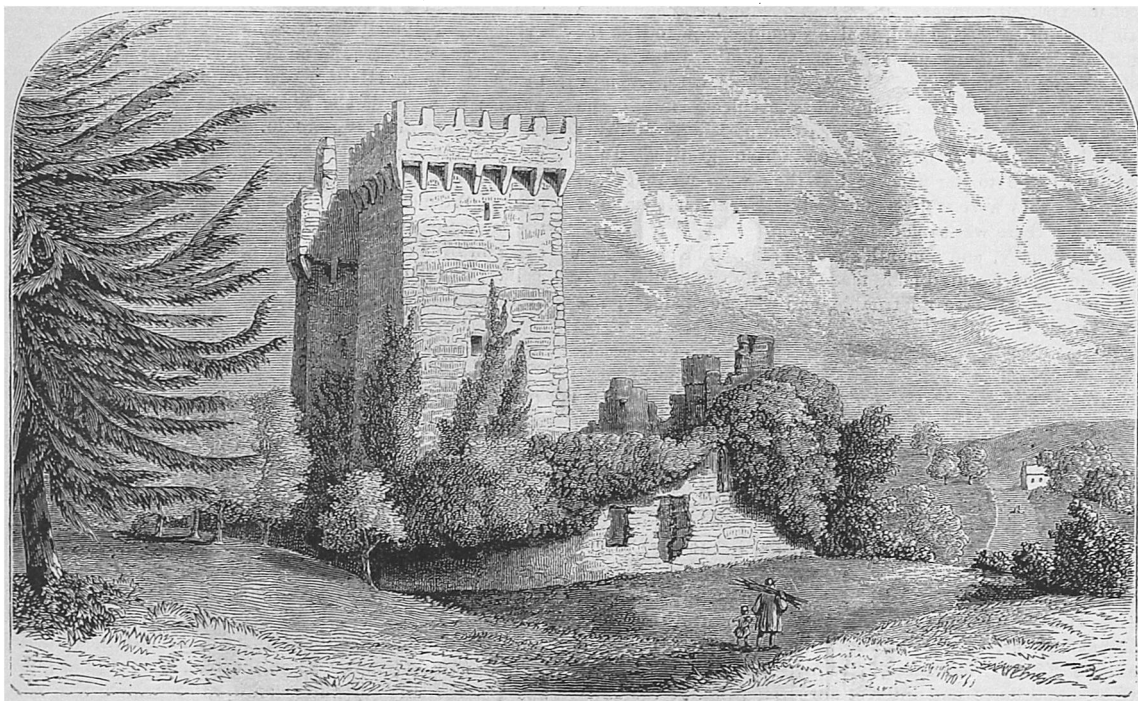
"The antiquities of Ireland may be classified into three grand divisions—the primæval or pagan, early Christian, and mediæval. In the first are comprised stone monuments appertaining to the Druidical religion, such as circles, cromlechs, pillars, holes, and rocking-stones, rock-basins, &c., raths, cahirs, duns; the fortified residences of the ancient inhabitants, consisting of great earth-works, or Cyclopean stone enclosures, lofty round towers, used at once for sepulchral and religious purposes; stones inscribed with the virgular character, called Ogham, dome-roofed structures, round, oblong, and square, with massive walls constructed of uncemented stones. The cromlech, or Druidical altar, is a monument well known in these islands and in northern Europe, and not unfrequently found in India and America. It is occasionally met with placed within circles of pillar-stones, but it is often difficult to distinguish between it and the kistvaen. The latter monument, when divested of its covering of earth or stone, is to all appearance a perfect cromlech; but there are many of the latter which, from the nature of their sites and peculiarity of

construction, could never have served this purpose. It is right to say that the term cromlech seems to be of modern origin; it does not occur in any ancient Irish MS. hitherto examined; the native name is that of *leabha* or *leacht*, a bed or stone monument.

"There are varieties of the circle, some of which must undoubtedly have served for religious or judicial purposes, and others found encompassing tumuli. There can be no precise limits to the number of the stones composing these monuments, but several circles are known to contain only *five*, which seems to have been a favourite number. There is no doubt but that the cromlech (not the kistvaen) and the circle were used sepulchrally, as remains of interment have been frequently found within them. Ireland contains no circles of equal magnitude to those of Stonehenge and Avebury in England."

But if Ireland may not boast of many Roman antiquities and Druidical circles, she has, on the other hand, some of the most picturesque old castles—many of them, alas! in ruins—which are to be seen in Europe. All over the island, from

A four-mile ride by the railroad, or a walk through pleasant fields, will take the visitor from Cork to Blarney. The castle, we are told, comprises a vast square tower, erected in or about 1530, by one of the potent sept of the M'Carthy Mores, records of whose prowess are everywhere to be met with in this part of Ireland, and some evidences of which the tourist will discover as he proceeds further south. But those of our readers who would at once satisfy themselves on this head, in reference to a spot so renowned as that of which we are now treating, may consult, with great profit, the local historian, Windle, whose "South of Ireland" will be found very valuable, containing nearly fifty pages devoted to Blarney, its castle, stone, cromlech, tunnel, lake, glen, round tower, and immortal "groves," the authorship of which deathless lyric has begot almost as many claimants as cities erst contended for the birth-place of "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle." These stanzas have been given in nearly all the tongues of the earth by the laureate of the Lee, Padre Polyglot Prout, whose liquid triplets to that limpid stream we shall presently quote. We need not occupy our space with the original of Millikin's



RENVYLE CASTLE, CONNEMARA. DRAWN BY S. LOVER.

Dunluce to Bantry, these remains of Ireland's days of glory are to be found. At one time the tourist in the Sister Isle finds himself beside the "treaty stone," in King John's castle, that storied pile in the city of Limerick which was so gallantly defended by the remnant of the Irish army, in 1690; at another, he wanders musingly around the silent and deserted halls of Tara, or moralises on the littleness of human grandeur within the cold and saddened domain of Dangan. In the very heart of the western mountains, he pauses to think over the ruins of Ross castle, which surrendered to Lord Muskerry in 1652; and still further west, he may remember the deeds of the great Duke, while pondering over the ruined walls of Carbury castle, which once belonged to, and is said to have been built by, his ancestors the Cowleys.

For the present, however, a brief notice of two of the most famous of old Ireland's castles,—or, more properly speaking, of Ireland's old castles, must suffice.

Blarney Castle, the Blarney Stone, and the "Groves of Blarney," are well known by reputation all over Europe—and indeed, wherever Englishmen and Irishmen chance to travel.

half-dozen verses descriptive of how "the trout and salmon play at backgammon," as no one can be in Cork and find himself at a loss for the song, with *ad libitum* variations, including, of course, Prout's supplemental lines:—

"There is a stone there, that whoever kisses,
Oh! he never misses to grow eloquent;
'Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber,
Or become a member of Parliament."

"A clever spouter he'll soon turn out, or
An out-and-outer—to be let alone.
Don't hope to hinder him, or to bewilder him—
Sure he's a pilgrim from the Blarney Stone."

Which is the identical pebble, or real Blarney Stone, is somewhat difficult to point out to the downright plain-dealing English visitor, for the Irishy redundant reason that these happen to be *two* portions of the edifice to which the miraculous power of conferring mellifluous and mesmeric eloquence is attributed by conflicting local authorities. One stone is pointed out to visitors as the veritable *osculatorium*; and we incline to this opinion, inasmuch as it is much more easy of

access, and seems to have suffered from previous devotion in being much worn and broken. Another stone is also indicated, but this is held to be a *lapis offensionis* and a *petra scandali*; and with some reason, for it is situate in the wall just below the edge of the parapet, and requires the party performing the kissing business to be let down, by the heels in order to do so, over a parapet some hundred feet from the ground. This perilous predicament, however, is not always insisted upon; for Mr. Barrow, in his piquant manner, describing how he went through the process, says:—"I ascended to the summit

has just hit it; and shurely don't the gentlemen talk blarney to the ladies, and do it all the better for kissing the stone?' I found there was no resisting the virtues of the Blarney Stone, So down I popped, and the stone having been well washed by the rain, I bestowed upon it three kisses, which, however strong their virtues may be in warming the hearts of the ladies, struck icy cold to my lips." Mr. Windle, whose local *amour propre* might be supposed to incense him against the flinty-hearted Saxon satirists of his slab, ingenuously says himself: "The touch of the Blarney Stone makes a liar of the



BLARNEY CASTLE, FROM THE PEEP-HOLE ON THE BRIDGE. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

of the tower, on a corner of which is placed the famous Blarney Stone, which I was very gravely assured possessed the power of making those who kiss it ever after agreeable in their conversation to the ladies. 'A consummation devoutly to be wished,' thought I. 'Och, your honour must kneel down and kiss it three times,' quoth the guide; 'and sure you'll be able to coax the ladies—faith, there's never the gentleman that misses!' 'Now, my friend, tell me truly if you don't mean by "talking blarney," the impudence of telling "mighty big lies" without blushing?' 'Faith, and I believe your honour

first magnitude, but a smooth and graceful liar—its eminent perfection is a sweet and graceful tongue in whispering the softest words into the ear of woman, full of guile, and blandishment, and potential flattery, and uncontrollable in its sway over the credulous." Miss Plumptre translates Blarney into the single word 'Rhodomontade,'—a faculty of speech marvellously perceptible in the vicinity around, whose inhabitants, it is said, have been mistaken by Boullaye le Gouz and Latocnaye for a colony from Gascony. They are, of a truth, a swaggering, vainglorious, wheedling population."

Flattering this, and from the Herodotus of the place too! All these imputations, however, can hardly be true; for even the proprietor's kiss of the stone itself, like the Wonderful Lamp in the hands of the old magician in "Aladdin," did not confer happiness, inasmuch as the castle and all its contents had not very long ago to be sold by public competition—a profanation bemoaned in an appropriate strain by Prout in an inimitable parody on Moore's "Eveleen's Bower," beginning—

"Oh! the muse shed a tear,
When the cruel auctioneer

With a hammer in his hand to sweet Blarney came!"

In 1821, Sir Walter Scott, with his son-in-law, Lockhart, Miss Edgeworth, and other celebrities, paid the homage of their worship to the load-stone, much to the chagrin of the citizens, who were eager that the Wizard should in preference inspect their noble harbour and the lions of "the spreading Lee, that, like an island fair, encloseth Cork with his divided flood," as is said in the "Faërie Queene;" or, as a more modern bard describes it:—

"As crystal its waters are pure,
Each morning they blush like a bride;
And when evening comes gray and demure,
With the softness of silver they glide.

"Of salmon and gray speckled trout
It holds such a plentiful store,
That thousands are forced to leap out,
By the multitude jostled on shore."

Surprisingly enough, however, Lockhart confounded this famous Spenserian stream with the Shannon!—a blunder which forms the text of one of those most instructive "Essays of an Octogenarian," by the erudite and amiable "J. R." of a thousand periodicals—James Roche, formerly a banker, and lately a retired citizen of Cork, which justly and affectionately regarded him as one of the most worthy of her many honoured sons, and now sorrows for his death, since April in the present year.

Renvyle Castle, in the county of Tipperary,—a remarkable ruin overlooking the sea—has a fame of another kind, however. Here again history and romance, with their thousand recollections, spring up to people the *locale* with the phantoms of the past, as if specially to heighten, as it were, the present charms of that singularly lovely landscape, by reminiscences of the turbulent and bloody deeds of which it was the site, and which are here recalled by the presence of Renvyle Castle—

"Beneath whose battlements, within whose walls,
Power dwelt amid her passions:—in proud state
Each feudal chief upheld these armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date."

a kind of recollection, however, much more suitable for antiquarians and bookworms, than for quiet Irish tourists in the middle of the nineteenth century.

XAVIER DE MAISTRE.

ONE January evening, 1794, in a pretty apartment of the Rue de Pô, at Turin, there met a party of eight young gentlemen to smoke, and drink, and talk as pleasantly as might be. They were soldiers. Some of them, though still young, had seen much service, and could discourse on marches and counter-marches, and all the manœuvres of war, as well as the best. But something very different from martial glory brought them together that night; they had come to hear and to criticise a new composition by a young aspirant for fame—no other than the now justly-celebrated Xavier de Maistre.

Personally, Xavier de Maistre was unknown to most of them. They had heard of him as a young soldier of promising ability, fond of adventure, and bent on improvement; they had heard that he had made a balloon ascent, and with a provincial Mongolfier had taken a journey into the air. Recently he had made another journey, not so startling, nor so perilous, but one which promised to make him far better known than the first, namely, "*A Journey Round my Room.*" He had written a book—this was the title—and by request the manuscript was to be read that night. Already the critics felt prepossessed in his favour. He was the brother of Joseph de Maistre, senator of Savoy, whose "*Eloge de Victor Amédée*" had gained him great popularity.

The Count d'Ailly, a brave but impetuous man, had been selected reader; and having chatted for some time on indifferent topics, he received the paper, unrolled it, glanced down the page with the eye of a connoisseur, and began.

Everybody knows the plan and subject of "*A Journey Round my Room,*" that small *chef-d'œuvre* which has found no rival for sixty years. It is a series of impressions and philosophical reflections upon the body and the mind, the *self* and the *other self*, the soul and the beast. It was written during captivity, when the author's only companions were a valet and a dog. What bright touches of humour there are scattered throughout the work; how carefully he tells us that his room is in the forty-fifth degree of latitude; how he abjures those people who are so much masters of their movements and ideas as to say, "To-day I will make three visits, write four letters, and finish the work I have begun;" with what quaintness he depicts every part of his little domicile, the dog, and the valet Joanetti; how his reflections seem to

leap up unbidden at the commonest incident—and how deep, and truthful, and clear they are; and how, all through, his double nature seems to haunt him—his body, the *beast*, of the "earth, earthy"—his soul wandering at will whithersoever it listeth, from the lowest pit of hell to the furthest fixed star beyond the milky way, to the confines of the universe, to the gates of chaos!

When the Count d'Ailly had achieved his task, and finished the reading of the manuscript, he was pleased to declare the author a man of talent, a man of first-rate order, and one who was destined for immortality.

Every body praised the book except a young hussar, who had listened attentively all the time, but expressed no opinion on its merit. From words of civil praise, the company became enthusiastic in their admiration of the young *littérateur*; and, excited by the punch of which he had been drinking pretty freely, and the applause which his reading had obtained, the count began to draw a critical comparison between the compositions of the two brothers—a comparison which in no degree tended to the credit of the elder.

"Messieurs," said he, "it is clear enough to us all that the '*Eloge de Victor Amédée*,' is nothing more than a wild rhapsody when compared with this '*Journey Round my Room.*' One abounds in words, gracefully piled, I grant you, but still little more than phrases; here you have thoughts, great thoughts, powerful thoughts—here the foliage is never cultivated at the expense of the fruit."

"Pardon me, sir," said the young hussar, "if I venture to differ; it seems to me that you overrate the ability of the writer. Xavier may have talent, but Joseph has something far beyond talent; he possesses genius of no common order."

The company became interested in the discussion; opposition adds to the entertainment of a critical disquisition. A combat of wit is far more agreeable than perfect unanimity.

"Sir," said the count, curling his long moustache on his finger, "you are greatly mistaken. I can detect a splendour in this rising orb which shall banish the pale light shed by the genius of the other."

The young hussar changed colour.

"The pen of Xavier," he remarked, "may amuse an idle hour, but that of Joseph is ever employed in imperishable